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DEVIATIONS FROM NATURE. SELF-MORTIFICATIONS.

The disposition to seek for happiness through the paths of misery, has never been more strikingly exemplified than in the history of the Anchores of the fourth and fifth centuries. These were professors of Christianity in Egypt and Syria, who, under an exaggerated sense of human unworthiness, sought to make a merit by departing from every practice of life which could minister to their gratification. Regarding all ordinary feelings and affections as wicked, it is not surprising that there was scarcely one of the laws of nature which the anchores did not break. Forsaking the haunts of their fellow-creatures, they buried themselves in sandy wildernesses, or in lonely places of sepulture. Property they disclaimed. The society of the opposite sex, in which so much happiness and so much improvement are to be found, was renounced by these enthusiasts. Of food they took only such as grew spontaneously, and that in the slenderest quantities. Even those habits of cleanliness which are found indispensable to comfort, were nearly abjured by them, so that their whole aspect was revolting to the senses of the beholder. According to a historian, who has taken great pains to commemorate them, "they slept on the ground, on a hard mat, or a rough blanket; and the same bundle of palm leaves served them as a seat in the day and a pillow in the night."

They believed that the air which they breathed was peopled with invisible enemies, with innumerable demons, who watched every occasion and assumed every form, to terrify, and above all to tempt, their unguarded virtue. They sunk under the weight of crosses and chains, and their emaciated limbs were confined by collars, bracelets, gauntlets, and greaves, of masy and rigid iron. All superfluous incumbrance of dress they contemptuously cast away, and some savage saints of both sexes have been admired, whose bodies were covered only by their long hair. They aspired to reduce themselves to the rude and miserable state in which the human brute is scarcely distinguished from his kindred animals; and a numerous sect derived their name [Boskoi] from their humble practice of grazing in the fields of Mesopotamia with the common herd. They often usurped the den of some wild beast, whom they affected to resemble; or they immured themselves in some gloomy cavern, which art or nature scooped out of the rock. The most perfect hermits are supposed to have passed many days without food, many nights without sleep, and many years without speaking; and glorious was he who contrived any cell, or seat, of a peculiar construction, which might expose him in the most inconvenient posture, to the inclemency of the seasons."^{*}

One of these extravagant men, Simeon Stylites by name, obtained a peculiar notoriety by the manner in which he lived. "He established his residence," says the same authority, "on a mountain about thirty or forty miles to the east of Antioch. Within a circle of stones, to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain, he ascended a column, which was successively raised from the height of nine to that of sixty feet. In this lofty station, the Syrian anchoress resisted the heat of thirty summers, and the cold of as many winters. Habit and exercise enabled him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms in the figure of a cross; but his most familiar practice was that of

bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet; and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty-four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb, this celestial life; and the patient hermit expired, without descending from his column." There were indeed some gratifications flowing from this life of self-inflicted wretchedness. If the hermits did not in all cases wish or obtain actual promotion in the ranks of civil life, they at least became objects of popular reverence. Successive crowds of pilgrims from Gaul and India saluted the divine pillar of Simeon; the tribes of Saracens in arms disputed the honour of his benediction; the queens of Arabia and Persia gratefully confessed his supernatural virtue; and the angelic hermit was consulted by the younger Theodosius, in the most important concerns of the church and state. His remains were transported from the mountain of Telenissa, by a solemn procession of the patriarch, the master-general of the east, six bishops, twenty-one counts or tribunes, and six thousand soldiers; and Antioch revered his bones, as her glorious ornament and impregnable defence." It may be supposed that tokens of respect like these would tend in some degree to support the anchoress under his miseries, and even to prompt, in some cases, the adoption of that unnatural kind of life. But such motives must have been, at the best, subordinate. The great source of the enthusiasm lay in a phrenised piety; an emotion which might draw some aid from vanity, but was in the main only too sincere, as the stern reality of the miseries of the devotees abundantly testified.

In the modern world, if we are not mistaken, the life of the ancient anchores is the subject of no other feeling than wonder and pity—wonder at the extent of the self-imposed sufferings, and pity for the mistaken, though well-meaning views which prompted them. It is generally looked upon as only an extraordinary point in human history—something that is past, never to be known again. Acknowledging the general truth of this belief, we only revive the strange tale of the anchores, for the purpose of giving weight to the remark, that the same principle of self-mortification is to be traced in the conduct of many who suppose themselves to be altogether superior to such absurdities. The physical pains, it is true, have been in a great measure abandoned: the savage solitude, the half-naked body, the diet of roots, are known no longer. But the same cannot be said of the moral stripes, the gloomy ideas, and the denial of innocent gratifications. The merit of voluntarily incurred pains, positive and negative, is still a broad feature in the popular code of morality.

The self-mortifier is often found to be one who has contracted a habitual feeling of indignation at the indulgences of his neighbours. Seeing others to be prodigal and indolent, and alarmed at the consequences which invariably follow these errors, he flies to the opposite extreme, and denies himself enjoyments and relaxation which he can not only afford, but which his health requires. So common, indeed, is this case, that, upon a cursory survey of society, one might be tempted to conclude that only those who would need to be diligent and self-denying venture to take their ease, while the affluent are alone frugal and industrious. Now, to be needlessly self-denying is just as irrational as to be rashly self-indulgent. If the one is all for ends, the other is as exclusive in his attention to means. Nor, while an indignant conscientiousness is perhaps the chief source of this absurdity, is it altogether independent of certain other feelings of a less worthy kind. An ostentatious pride in a mean economy—an economy

resulting only from grovelling tastes; a self-pluming affectation of being superior to the ordinary tendencies of humanity; a pretended contempt for things which, for other reasons than those connected with expense, he could not attain; may often be detected in the *self-denying self-mortifier*. It is pregnant matter of reflection thus to see the excesses of a real virtue, and the actual manifestations of mock ones, mingling to form one motive.

A large class of self-mortifications refer to indulgences in the most familiar and natural of enjoyments. Because dancing may be conducted in such a way as to vitiate innocence, an exercise the most exhilarating and beneficial, as well as the most graceful, and which in all ordinary circumstances is as harmless as it is agreeable, is proscribed. Because music has occasionally been employed in giving expression to impure thoughts, or in straining festive enjoyment to a censurable height, the whole system of sweet sounds, which providence has fitted certain things to produce, the air to convey, and the human mind to enjoy, and which may be made to furnish as much happiness, with as little danger to virtue, as is conceivable of any similar thing in nature, is condemned and avoided. Because some have carried magnificence in attire and in furniture to a pitch of extravagance, others think it necessary to render themselves and their houses models of vulgar plainness, proscribing the very colours with which the Deity has clothed and furnished forth external nature, or at the utmost granting an indulgence to russet and drab, as if human virtue bore some mysterious relation to the refrangibility of light. Whatever is elegant, or beautiful, or cheering, is in like manner condemned, as only calculated to unfit men for more serious subjects of reflection, or to lead them into depraved habits. All this is mere anchoritism, and must proceed from one or other of several causes, none of which are meritorious. It may proceed from an accidental deficiency in the taste for such enjoyments, in which case the supposed virtue is only a meanness of natural endowment. Or it may be allowed, in consequence of other enjoyments being preferred: thus, we may sometimes detect, in him who mortifies himself by the denial of elegant amusements, an inordinate indulgence of the lower appetites. Or it may arise from an anti-social, self-esteeming, and misanthropic character, which will not condescend to enjoy any thing which the rest of mankind take a pleasure in. Or it may be the result of a conscientious, but morbid dread of the tendency of all enjoyments to corrupt the moral nature. This last source of the self-mortifying spirit, as the only one which partakes of the character of a virtue, is entitled to a few words of respectful remonstrance. To those who are marked by it, we would represent, in all gentleness, that the duties of human life require to be chequered with enjoyments and relaxations, if we would desire to see men either happy or virtuous. The things in question are *existences in nature*, obviously corresponding with something in man which appreciates, enjoys, and is benefited by them. Man, at the same time, must have solacements of some kind, and, if denied those which are most pure and innocent, he will clandestinely indulge in those which are less so. Is it not better, then, to sanction the best, than to drive mankind to the worst? The fear which prevails, lest mankind, finding amusements in any degree licensed, would abuse the indulgence, proceeds upon a cowardly construction of human nature, which we at least must dissent from. There is a lamentable want of candour upon this point among moralists. Fearful of the abuse, they challenge the use, and thus damage their whole system by running counter to common sense. Among the causes of hu-

* History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xxvii.

man depravity, one hitherto unthought of, but far from unimportant, will yet be acknowledged to exist in this seeking to bring human nature above itself, this well-meant, but really depraved morality.

It is scarcely our province to advert to the self-mortifying spirit as a supposed means of making merit with heaven. Yet, as this delusion often mingles with the more temporal exemplifications of the principle, it cannot properly be overlooked. The first idea which arises in a rational mind in contemplating it, is how mean must be those views of the character of the Divine Being, which can suppose him to be gratified or conciliated by any sufferings, unconnected with those of a sincere penitence, in a creature so comparatively humble as man. Such notions receive no countenance in those oracles to which we look for the highest rules of human conduct. The scriptures, especially in the New Testament, breathe every where of the kindness of social feelings. The very first miracle of the founder of the Christian religion had for its immediate object the supply of the means of festive enjoyment to a marriage-party. No trace of the ascetic spirit is to be perceived in his character, no moroseness, no gloom. Such would have been inconsistent with the love he bore to man: could a more pointed lesson be held up to those who seek to needlessly diminish human enjoyment?

VITRIFIED FORTS.

THE extraordinary ruins which have received this appellation were discovered about half a century ago, and pointed out to the world by Mr Williams, an able and intelligent mineral surveyor. As far as observation has yet been carried, they exist in no quarter of the world but Scotland, where they have been found to about the number of fifty, and these chiefly in the Highland districts.

Vitrified forts have been found of all sizes and shapes; the single circumstance which has procured for all of them this common title being the *glassy* condition to which the stones composing their ruins have been, either wholly or partially, reduced. In all other respects they differ widely from one another; some of them having walls twenty feet in breadth and twelve in height, while others do not exceed three or four feet either in breadth or height. The walls are in some instances ninety yards in circumference, and in others the area enclosed is but a few feet in diameter. Sometimes the vitrification extends throughout the greater part of the structure, while, again, in many of the ruins, the walls are only partially and slightly affected. The forts, in general, occupy a commanding position, and they are found both near the sea-coast and in inland situations. Most of them are on isolated eminences. Dun Mac-Sniocchain, in Argyleshire, is situated, says Dr Macculloch, "on a small rocky hill, which forms a kind of island in the plain, of a narrow prolonged shape, and scarped all round, except at one extremity, which affords access to the summit and the fort. The height of this hill or rock above the plain seems to be about forty or fifty feet; and it is, even in the modern military sense, a strong position. It is important to remark, that the rock consists of limestone and slate intermixed, the plain itself being chiefly alluvial, and the nearest hill and rocks being of trap, and of that pudding-stone so well known to all travellers, which also abounds in the vicinity of Oban. That stone is itself formed of fragments of various trap rocks, and is remarkable for its ready fusibility, while the rock on which the fort stands is of an infusible nature. The fort itself is so contrived as to occupy nearly the whole summit, which is about two hundred and fifty yards long, and consists of three distinct parallelogrammic enclosures. The dimensions of these are as follows, as nearly as could be measured by pacing:—the outer is about thirty yards long and about twenty-four broad; the next is about thirty-seven, with a similar breadth; and that at the farthest extremity is about fifty-six yards in length, but, being imperfect, it may formerly have been longer. Besides this, between the first and second works, there is a transverse walk which reaches from the one precipitous face to the other, so as, when entire, to have cut off the communication from without to the two inner works. The circumferences of the two inner enclosures make collectively a line of about two hundred and sixty yards, which, according to the modern military computation for a redoubt, would contain more than five hundred men. The external work would dispose of about a hundred more." Respecting the vitrification of the ruins of Dun Mac-Sniocchain, the doctor

informs us that the fire has only partially affected the walls. This he attributes, partly to the less fusible character of some of the stones, and partly because the upper portion of the walls do not appear to have been exposed to the heat at all. "The general result, however, is, that in some parts the wall forms a solid mass, but of an irregular composition, consisting of scoria, slag, burnt stones, and stones scarcely altered, united together, but with vacant intervals; while, in other places, it is separable into lumps of various size, and into single stones."

Dunadeer, another of these remarkable forts, is situated, like the preceding one, upon an isolated hill, a position which, in all times, must have been one of great military strength. The hill is about four hundred feet high, and its whole summit is enclosed within the area of the vitrified walls. It is of importance to observe, that the rock on which the fort is placed is of grey infusible granite, and that the stones of the fort are of fusible rock, of which many blocks are scattered in the plain below. From this it may be justly inferred, that the stones have been brought from a distance to the place they now hold. The form of the fort is an irregular oblong, one side of the walls being about fifty-eight yards in length, and the shortest about twenty-four. The wall is eighteen or twenty feet in breadth, and seems to have been originally about eight feet high. The vitrification of the structure is much the same as at Dun Mac-Sniocchain. The stones are partly roasted without adhesion, and partly vitrified, or glazed, or scorched. The greater part of them are composed of fusible black granite; but stones which are not fusible are glazed on their surface, a fact which almost proves the use of wood in the process, since it is well known that many unvitriable substances are capable of being glazed by the action of the alkali which wood contains.

The fort on the hill of Neth in Aberdeenshire occupies a much more elevated situation than the two already described. The hill is eighteen hundred feet in height, and towers above the whole surrounding country. The fort on it is very large, being a long parallelogram of about ninety by thirty-two yards, slightly rounded at the angles. What strongly corroborates the idea of its being a permanent place of defence, is the circumstance of its containing a well within the enclosure. A spacious causeway extends from the fort, which occupies the summit, for a considerable way down the hill, and an entire deficiency of the wall at one part on the same side, seems to indicate the entrance or gateway. The causeway is formed of laid stones, much in the manner of a Roman road. As at Dunadeer, there are traces of an outer wall or rampart on the hill, a little way from the fort.

"The vitrified enclosure at Neth," says Dr Macculloch, "is far more perfect than in any of these works in Scotland; and it is infinitely more remarkable, since, being unencumbered with soil and vegetation, scarcely even bearing a lichen, we perceive at a glance the whole effect of its blackness, its bulk, its regularity, and its extent. We may, indeed, wonder how any one could have imagined such a work the produce of a volcano, and not less how any one capable in the least degree of observation or reasoning could have conceived it the effect of beacon-fires. The parts of the wall which have been most perfectly vitrified are, as might have been expected, the most entire; where highest, they measure eight feet from the ground, and the accumulation of soil at the base would justify the addition of two or perhaps three feet more in some places. That rubbish prevents the breadth from being correctly estimated, but this seems, as at Dunadeer, to have been eighteen or twenty feet. And if, from that rubbish, we may form an estimate of the total height of the wall before dilapidation, and before the growth of soil below, it may probably be taken at twelve feet." The lower part only of the wall here, as in other ruins, appears to have been subjected to the vitrifying influence.

Lord Woodhouselee describes one situated on the hill of Craig Phaidrick, near Inverness. The hill is a detached conical eminence, terminating a mountainous range on the north-west side of Loch Ness. The approach to the fort presents the strongest appearance of arrangements for defence. The access by the west is a serpentine road, cut for the space of seventy feet through the rock, and overhanging it is a small platform, on the edge of which are placed, evidently by art, four immense stones, which, if pushed over, as they might easily be, would crush invaders into atoms, or at least effectually block up the ascent. The fort on the summit of the eminence is guarded by an outer wall, a few feet distant from the inner one. The outer wall is traceable round the whole fort; where the stones are deficient, a line of vitrified matter sticking to the rock marks its course. The wall, however, still exists throughout the greater part of its original extent, and on the east side, where the fort is most accessible, there is an enormous mass or rampart of vitrified matter, above forty feet in thickness.

The hill of Knockfarril, in the county of Ross, is the place which first attracted the attention of Mr Williams, the earliest discoverer of these strange ruins. This hill is remarkable for the great extent of the ruins upon it; and, unlike any of those already noticed, it presents the vestiges, not of one structure, but of

many. The enclosure is a hundred and twenty feet long, and forty broad; within the outer wall, and along the outside of this, both on the north and south, are ranged a number of habitations. Such at least is the probable character of the vitrified ruins, which exist in this situation, and the fact of two wells being found within the fort, shows that the place must have been a large station or garrison. "This place," says an early visitor to it, "seems to have been anciently of consequence, and the residence of some powerful chief, from a road which leads through the hills to the north-west sea. To the east of the works are a number of vitrified ruins, extending for a considerable way along the ridge of the hill. The end next the fort seems to have joined the outer wall, and consisted either of two parallel walls, closed above, with a passage between them under cover, or a high wall broad enough to walk on. In this wall there is a vestige of a break about the middle, over which a bridge has been laid, to be drawn up or removed as occasion might require." The stones of the walls at Dunadeer and the other forts, appear to be vitrified in many places throughout their whole substance, but, at Knockfarril, the vitrification of the ruins is superficial, pervading only the outermost stones. Beacon-fires might, it has been argued, produce such an effect as this.

There are but few of the other forts of this description where the vitrification is so prominent a point as in those we have noticed. In most of them, the process has been exceedingly limited and partial, and but for its striking effects in other places, the appearance of vitrification might have been passed over as the result of accident. At Barryhill, for example, in the county of Perth, there is a fort generally ranked among those of the vitrified order, but where the vitrification is confined to one single point. The whole fort seems to have been erected with great art and care. The eminence on which it stands is defended on the most accessible side by a ditch, over which, according to one writer, a bridge was raised, composed of stones laid together without much art, and vitrified above, below, and on both sides, so that the whole mass was firmly cemented. The remains of the fort resemble those at other places, with this distinction, that no traces of vitrification is observable on the ruins, except a few detached pieces of vitrified stone.

In the shires of Forfar, Aberdeen, Perth, Kincardine, Banff, Moray, Ross, Cromarty, Argyle, Bute, and Inverness, lie the greater part of the vitrified forts which have been as yet discovered and described. Inverness-shire contains by far the greatest number of them, and those travellers who wish to examine the forts, in this or any of the other counties, would do well to consult the Statistical Account of Scotland, where they will find directions as to their site. The only Lowland shires in which forts have been observed are Berwick and Galloway. In the Orkneys are a number of cairns, described by Dr Hibbert, consisting of masses of vitrified matter, which he calls beacons.

We may commence our brief observations on the origin and uses of these vitrified ruins, by remarking that every theory on the subject, but one, regards them as the work of human hands. Mr Pennant was inclined to ascribe them to volcanic origin. This opinion, however, was adopted, it ought to be remembered in justice to that acute and accurate observer, after a view of only one fort, and that one the most confused and irregular that could be selected. There is no doubt that further observations would have led Mr Pennant to adopt different opinions. The three other theories worthy of notice are those introduced and supported by Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Williams, and Sir George Mackenzie, and others.

Lord Woodhouselee, who made minute investigations into the subject, came to the conclusion that the vitrification of the stones in these forts was the result of accident, arising from the attempts of besiegers to burn out the garrisons by means of flaming materials placed against the walls—a theory almost too absurd to be worthy of notice. Another theory is that these forts were beacons, and that the great signal-fires lighted up in them on occasions of alarm and danger, converted the walls, more or less quickly, into vitrified masses. Sir George Mackenzie, Dr Hibbert, and other writers of no mean repute, are the upholders of this supposition. Dr Hibbert notices, that, besides serving the purpose of alarm-beacons, they might be the site of the great fires which our savage ancestors kindled in celebrating the rites of Baal, of whose worship so many traces, in names and customs, remain to this day in Scotland. It is unfortunate for this theory, that in hundreds of places where ancient beacon-fires and the fires of Baal were lighted, there are no traces of vitrification. We entirely coincide in opinion with Mr Williams, whose views were ably seconded by Dr Macculloch, that the vitrification, characterising these ruined forts, was intentional, and took place at the building of them. The stones were melted, he conceives, in order to cement and strengthen the structure, a purpose which the process most certainly was calculated to serve with effect. The method in which the doctor supposes the walls to have been vitrified, is by constructing a species of furnace, by means of earthen mounds, in which stones and fire were placed till the structure was finished. This, it is asserted, is practised at the present day in some parts of India. The circumstance, that fusible stones appear to have been brought to the building from a distance, is certainly one of the strongest arguments in favour of these views.

The antiquity of the forts is a matter regarding which we have not the slightest evidence. The aboriginal settlers of Scotland, the Celts, are the race to whom they are generally attributed, and the date of their origin, which is much beyond that of any of our historical records, cannot be considered later than from two to three thousand years ago.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

ONE evening towards the end of autumn, in the year 1812, while the younger population of Peebles, a town in the south of Scotland, were amusing themselves at their wonted sports previous to betaking themselves to their respective homes for the night, they were suddenly attracted from their play by an event of rather unusual occurrence in the place.

This was the entrance into the town of a party of soldiers, with bayonets fixed to their muskets, guarding and surrounding in their march six or eight miserable-looking beings in tattered garments, and who were soon recognised to be French prisoners of war. Till this moment I have a lively recollection of that mournful spectacle. The cool tramp of the soldiers, headed by an officer and sergeant as they proceeded into the heart of the town—the dejected aspect of the prisoners, with their travel-soiled and bare feet, their patched prison-dresses, composed of red, and yellow, and blue coloured cloths, and their occasional muttering to each other in a foreign tongue, as they were hurried carelessly along by those who had them in charge—all struck me forcibly, and I believe did not less affect my juvenile associates. Boys, it will be recollect, do not comprehend the meaning of war, its frivolous causes, or its sometimes as frivolous though painful results. They therefore sympathise deeply with its victims, and, under the impulse of moral feeling only, would willingly set the unhappy prisoner at liberty, if that were within the scope of their ability. Such were the sentiments of the youngsters of Peebles on the present occasion, as, crowding round the melancholy band, they accompanied them to the gate of the town jail, where they saw them placed in the custody of the keeper of that dreary mansion for the night.

That evening at supper, the entrance of the prisoners into the town formed the principal theme of conversation at many a fireside. Inquiry having been set on foot, it was ascertained, and became well known to every one, that the unfortunate men were a party who, about a fortnight before, had effected an escape from the dépôt for prisoners of war at Pennycuick, a village at about ten or twelve miles distance. That, after escaping, which it seems they had done in a very ingenuous and courageous manner, they had betaken themselves to woods and plantations, or other places of retreat, where they had lived on little else than the raw produce of the fields, until discovered and informed against by a farmer on whose grounds they had lodged, and placed in the hands of the military who were in quest of them. A case so deplorable did not fail to call forth expressions of pity from the mouth of many a good dame in the place, as well as words of contempt for the individual who had so heartlessly betrayed the sufferers.

Animated by the glow of general benevolence which prevailed, I took a warm interest in the case of the poor prisoners, and at morning's dawn was pointedly in attendance at the door of the prison to see them dispatched to their former place of confinement. Well do I remember the horrid scene of their departure. Brought forth in a condition more resembling that of brutes than human beings—uncleaned from the mud which had attached itself to them in their wanderings, ragged, lame, and emaciated with disease and famine, they formed a striking example of the misery which follows in the train of war. Surrounded once more by their military guard, they were ordered to march; but that they could not do. Some were so feeble, that they could with difficulty stand. A murmur of compassion was heard. It was evident to all that the prisoners were unable to walk; and the officer in command, perceiving such to be the case, humanely ordered carts to be procured for their conveyance.

While fit vehicles were preparing for this purpose, one of the prisoners, who seemed more exhausted and lame than his companions—a tall and finely-formed young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age, yet bent into the premature stoop of age by fatigue and suffering—with the view of proving that he laboured under no feigned complaint, drew aside the lower part of his tattered garment, and showed the piteous spectacle of a leg almost entirely covered with ulcerations. It required not the pleading of his pallid and wasted countenance to add to the compassion excited by such a sight. A sensation, indeed, amounting almost to horror, crept over the onlookers; the sight was almost too shocking to appear real. Could it be possible that any one having claim to the character of a human being, could be so neglected and distressed—so abandoned by every thing like medical aid? “Aih, sir; aih, sir, sic a sight as that,” said one sympathising female bystander to another; “will naebody rin and get the craitur a bit rag to put on his leg, and keep it frae being ruffled wi’ his claes? The puir young thing! no out o’ his teens yet, I’ll

warrant; and sae far frae hame! God help us, he’s aye somebody’s bairn!” “And whae kens,” said a younger speaker, whose own sweetheart had been banished to serve in the cruel wars, “whaikens but some bairns may be pining for him far, far away? She may look lang or he come back, if he’s guidit that gait muckle mair.” The idea of rendering some assistance, when once broached, was not long in being acted upon; one brought a couple of bundles of straw to form seats in the carts for the unfortunates, another fetched a piece of linen, soft and larded, to dress the diseased limb in the mean time, with a store of the same for future applications, and other comforts of a similar nature. And need I add that many thanks, no doubt heartfelt, were poured out by the recipients of these trifling attentions. But there was little time allowed for the demonstrations of such courtesies. The vehicles drove up to the spot, and were mounted, not without some difficulty. The guard shouldered their arms, and the cavalcade was soon out of sight.

Years and years rolled on, and the incident was forgotten, or at least was displaced by incidents demanding more immediate attention. Twenty-two years elapsed from the date of the event, and I was in France. It was the autumn of 1834, and I was travelling on the route from Paris to Rouen and Dieppe through Normandy. The journey, performed in an awkward situation in one of the clumsy diligences of the country, was most fatiguing and uncomfortable. Drought had parched up the thoroughfares, on which the dust lay in heaps and drifted in suffocating clouds; so that the passengers, on emerging from their confinement at Dieppe, might, without any change of dress, have fitly performed in a drama in which the miller and his men are the characters represented. Glad to be released from my dusty and suffocating situation in the diligence, I hastened into the hotel which opened its friendly portals for our admittance.—But stop—not so fast—I forgot that I was in France.

“Monsieur,” cried a little man in a blue surtout and cocked hat, who stood at the doorway of the hotel, “passport, monsieur.” “Here it is,” said I—the *boots* by this time, let it be remarked, with my portmanteau on his shoulder, ushering me onward to my place of repose and personal ablution—“here it is,” said I; “all right, I daresay,” of course expecting to have it returned with the usual bow, and “merci,” on the instant it was glanced over. I was wrong, however, in my calculations. There was a defect in the paper. It ought to have been signed by some one at Paris. Here was a scrape. Choking with vexation, and inwardly denouncing the whole passport system as a vile institution only invented for the torment of travellers, I was called upon to explain the cause of the omission which was alleged to have occurred. But, how could this be done? It required a far greater compass of the lingo of the country than I could possibly master. “Monsieur,” said the official, in French, with an air of mighty concern, “you will be pleased to come along with me to the *commissaire de police*.” Of course this was a command which it would have been useless to oppose under the circumstances of the case. Behold me then about to depart from the haven of rest to pay a visit to the bureau of the commissary of police, who, for any thing I could foresee, might interdict my leaving the shores of France for those of Britain on the morrow. “Let me see the passport, if you please, sir,” said the landlord of the hotel, who now made his entrance on the scene, and perhaps did not relish the idea of losing a customer in this manner. The language of mine host was good English, and plainly spoken. I looked at the man attentively, expecting, it may be, to find in his appearance some marks of our insular breed; for from the purity with which he spoke the British tongue, I was led at first to conjecture him to be a countryman, naturalised in France. This opinion, however, was speedily withdrawn; he was thoroughly French in aspect and manner. Tall, erect, and well-proportioned, he was not old enough to have earned a right to the appellation of a “jolly landlord;” yet the liveliness and bonhomie of his countenance, together with a certain roundedness of person, announced that, at no distant day, he might be in every respect qualified, physically as well as otherwise, to enter that jovial fraternity. While these thoughts glanced across my mind, the landlord continued to peruse the passport which had been handed to him, and, as he read, symptoms of emotion appeared on his countenance. “You are a native of Scotland,” said he, addressing me. “I am,” said I; “but what of that?—it has nothing to do with this confounded scrape I have got into.” “Not a great deal, certainly; my only reason for making that remark was, that feeling a deep obligation in my heart to—but, stop a little; I will manage this affair for you in the meantime.” So saying, he addressed something politely to the official in the cocked hat, who forthwith departed, taking my unlucky passport along with him; and I was led to the apartments destined for my reception.

The conduct of the landlord appeared not a little singular, and it occupied my cogitations during the whole time of dinner. I was decided in believing him to be a Frenchman, in which case the interest he took in the matter of the passport, and the emotion he evinced on learning that I was from Scotland, appeared to me wholly inexplicable. Such gratuitous interpositions in police matters were, it must be remembered, by no means usual with continental landlords. I inquired if I could see him for a short time,

and was informed in reply that he only waited for “Monsieur finishing dinner,” when it was his intention to request the honour of an interview with me. I ordered a bottle of the best Burgoyne for our common regalement, and shortly afterwards mine host entered the dining apartment, now deserted by all but myself.

“Sir,” said he, after taking a seat, and helping himself to a glass of the wine I pushed before him, “you were perhaps surprised to hear me take notice of the circumstance of your being a Scotsman, and you are perhaps not less surprised to hear the landlord of an inn in France talk in your language as I do, but I will explain these things. You must understand that I was for a period of six years and three months a prisoner of war in Scotland; and on one occasion, when I tried to make my escape, I received such kind treatment in that country, that it will never be banished from my remembrance. As for my speaking English, I learnt it while acting as a sort of merchant, that is, a seller of little toys and articles at the town of Pennycuick, where the prisoners were permitted to hold markets for the sale of their manufactures. I acquired the language very quickly. Indeed,” said he, with a smile, which I did not understand at the time, “I have a knack at learning foreign tongues, which has not been without its use to me.” “You certainly speak English remarkably well; but that does not interest me so much,” said I, “as the circumstance of your having been at Pennycuick. I know that place very well. It is not far from Peebles, where I resided during my juvenile days.” “Indeed!” cried mine host, with an appearance of great interest, “I have great cause to remember that little town, sir. Had it not been for kindness I received there, when our guards were exasperated into severity and neglect by an attempt to escape, I believe, sir, I must have perished.” “Can it be possible—are you one of those men whom I saw in my native town twenty-four years ago, under the charge of a party of soldiers—a wretched band of captives they were, sure enough.” “I was,” replied the landlord, “one of that wretched band, and was the most wretched of the number. But,” continued he, his heart now fairly warmed towards me, and the tide of gratitude swelling high at the recollection of his misery and the relief afforded to him, “perhaps you may like to hear more of my adventures after returning to our old prison.” “Nothing would give me greater pleasure,” said I, interrupting him; “but I should like to hear your history from its commencement, from your entrance into the service.” “You honour me by the interest you take in my adventures, sir,” replied mine host, with the natural politeness of a Frenchman; “you shall hear them all. But first, sir, you must condescend to honour me with your presence in my private apartment; otherwise,” said he, smiling, “you cannot become acquainted with the cause of all my sufferings and sorrows, as well as of my comfort and happiness.”

I expressed my willingness to accompany my landlord whether he chose to lead me, though I did not understand the difference which a change of place could make in his narration, or, in my comprehension, of his story. Taking our wine with him, he rose, and walked before me to a more retired part of the house, where, on reaching a door, as his hands were full, he called on those within to open. “Madelaine! Jacqueline! ouvrez!” I went forward to assist him, but before I accomplished this, the door was opened, and I followed the landlord into the room. Within it I found a matronly dame, still in the prime of life, and remarkable for beauty of face and figure, with two younger individuals sitting in the recess of an ancient window. One of them, the eldest, was a slight, elegant girl, about fifteen or sixteen, and the other was a boy of twelve. “These,” said the landlord, “are my wife and children, sir;” at the same time, presenting me to his wife, he said to her, “Un Ecossais, Madelaine.” A glow of pleasure suffused the countenance of the matron, and even the younger members of the family, who had risen on our entrance, regarded me with looks of interest and kindness, which showed that mine host’s gratitude to my native land was sincere, and had been repaid more than once to those around him, when there was none by to give him due credit for the feeling.

After some kind inquiries and attentions from the comely Madelaine, the landlord filled our glasses, and prepared to commence his story. He first mentioned to his wife what was his chief purpose in introducing me to the family; a piece of information which she received with a blush and smile. Mine host then proceeded. “I promised to make you acquainted with the cause at once of all my griefs and all my joys. She is now before you. Had I never seen and loved Madelaine, it is probable I should never have been a soldier and a captive, but at the same time I never should have been so happy as I now am. But I am anticipating. I was born on the very day on which Louis XVI. was beheaded. My father rented a small farm not many leagues from Dieppe, and I was brought up in the humble rank of a peasant. The revolution having knocked for the time all our institutions in pieces, I might have been brought up in a state of utter ignorance of letters, but for the circumstance of a certain parish curé having taken refuge in my father’s cottage, in the humble capacity of a labourer. My father would have spared the worthy man as much as possible the pain of earning his bread in this manner, had he not been sensible

such a way of life was greatly instrumental in maintaining the necessary concealment. The curé, though he could not profit much by this good wish of my father, was not the less grateful for it, and he evinced this feeling by devoting all his spare time to my education. He instructed me to read and write, and gave me constant and valuable lessons in morals and religion. He taught me, besides, the language of Germany, in which country he had spent a great part of his youth. Of this tongue I was particularly fond, as most of the books which the curé had saved from the wreck of his property were written in it. There is a providence in every thing, sir; this language, which I then studied for a recreation, was in the after part of my life of the greatest use to me.

In this manner, and under such tuition, was my boyhood spent. When I reached the age of fifteen, my father, who had little use for me at home, wished me to go and learn some trade. When he communicated this wish to me, I was not long in determining what occupation I should follow. The curé was fond of flowers, and I had assisted him in dressing our little garden plot, until I had become an enthusiast on the subject myself. I therefore determined to be a gardener, and after some inquiries, found admittance into the service of a nurseryman and vine-dresser at Dieppe. Here I wrought for a year very diligently, and with my whole thoughts devoted to my employment. My thoughts, however, about this time found another object to absorb a great share of their attention. My master sold flowers and plants to the people of Dieppe, who often came in companies to walk around and examine our gardens. One day, a beautiful girl came to me, in my master's absence, in quest of a geranium for the little pot which she carried in her hands. There it is, sir—the very flower, and the very pot—is that window?" The landlord stopped for a moment in his narrative, and I, to gratify him, rose up to examine the cherished plant, which was really beautiful one. On turning round to resume my seat, I saw that the host and his wife were exchanging glances, the latter with a fresh blush on her cheek, yet wearing a pleased look. She did not understand English, the landlord told me, but, from the mention of the flower, and my examination of it, she knew well what point of his story her husband had reached.

"I need scarcely say," continued mine host, "that the girl I speak of was Madelaine. She was a little younger than myself, and so fair and sweet in speech—Oh, the flowers around me faded in hue, and their fragrance departed, as I gazed on her! When she went away with her little plant, I felt as if the light of day had been withdrawn. But she soon returned, and I was always in the way to serve her with a plant or nosegay. At last we began to walk together, and—you must remember, sir, we were very young—I found words to tell her that I loved her. She was too innocent, too pure and simple in heart, to conceal any thing from me, and you may conceive what was my delight to find that she had given me her heart in return.

I have not yet told you, sir, who Madelaine's relations were. Her parents were both dead, and the orphan lived with an uncle who was landlord of this very inn in which we now sit. He was said to be rich, and was very kind to Madelaine. But his complaisance did not extend so far as we in our simplicity imagined. I was now nearly out of my apprenticeship, and thought that the sum which I could earn after it was expired would be quite sufficient for Madelaine and myself to live upon. So void of guile were we, that I went one day to the house with her to tell her all about the matter. I will not attempt to paint his rage; suffice it to say, that he drove me from the house, calling me a beggarly boy, and confined his niece in her room. This was not all what he said and did, but it was enough to destroy the bright fabric my youthful folly and love had raised. I was in despair. I could not work; and after endeavouring in vain to see Madelaine again, in a fit of madness, I offered myself as a soldier, and, as you may guess from the stirring nature of the times, the offer met with a ready acceptance.

No time was given to recruits to think, or repent, in those days. Within a few weeks after my enlistment, I found myself in a field of battle in Spain, and a few weeks more saw me a captive, with many others, in the hold of an English ship on my way to a British prison! All this passed like a flash of lightning, but now I found time to look upon my folly, and to feel the miseries of our situation. Pent up in a confined crib, maimed and wasted, many of my companions perished on the voyage. I, however, being comparatively strong, and unbroken by fatigue, was not so deplorably situated, yet health and spirits both began to droop. Our landing in Britain brought comparative relief; but a prison is never a place of health. After a considerable time we were taken to our ultimate destination, the village of Pennycuick.

You perhaps know, sir, what was the tenor of our lives there for many years. Our whole time was devoted to the constructing of toys and other articles, common in all places on the Continent, but new both to young and old in Britain. The profits derived from the sale of these trifles were devoted to many purposes, various as the dispositions of those who earned them. Many devoted their winnings to vicious purposes and pursuits; in these I never mingled. The image of the virtuous and lovely girl, who had given me her affections, acted as a warning angel, and concurred with the purity of my early habits

to preserve me from the stains of vice. For the very same reasons, however, I was the first and the boldest in proposing and planning escape. I longed to know if Madelaine was faithful, and to see my parents once more. Several attempts at escape were engaged in by myself and the rest, none of which were ultimately successful. The attempt which brought us to Peebles was one in which I was deeply involved, and the particulars of it may interest you. By long and patient night-working, a number of us, who were resolved upon flight and freedom, made a subterranean passage between the floor of our prison and the outside of the barracks. The extent of labour performed on this occasion, it would be impossible to give you a proper notion of; one of the greatest difficulties consisted in disposing of the loose earth which we brought to the surface. This, however, we contrived to do by means of a small stream which passed through the enclosure as a drain to the prison. The tools we employed in digging were also of little avail, being such instruments as small knives, awls, and so forth, which we were permitted to possess for the manufacture of our little articles of merchandise. The passage which we were able to form by these imperfect means, after months of labour and fatigue, was only large enough to admit one person in a creeping posture, and was designed to reach a distance of seventy or eighty feet, which, as we calculated, would bring its extremity to the shrubby bank beyond the rampart and beat of the sentinels.

When we thought the passage nearly completed, we pushed up a walking-rod by night, and found, to our great joy, that it passed into the atmosphere above. On ascertaining this, we wrought no more at that time, lest some one should chance to tread on the spot, and the earth should fall in. Besides, all that was left of earth would be easily removed at the moment of escape. This we fixed for the following night, and made preparations accordingly. About midnight I entered the passage, having taken upon me the venture of being the first to issue from the cavern. Having crept along to the end of the passage, followed at a little distance by the rest, I began to clear away the mouth of the hole. This was no easy task, and I was well nigh buried in the endeavour. At last I had but a thin layer to remove, when an accident befell me which was the source of great misery. A large stone became detached from the roof of the passage, and, falling upon my limbs, jammed one of them so much, that, before I could extricate myself from it, I was excoriated from the thigh to the calf. The mouth of the souterrain was effectually cleared, however, and notwithstanding the pain of the injury, after whispering to my companions that the passage was open, I crept stealthily out as well as I could. A sentinel paced backwards and forwards at a little distance, and I of course moved on my hands and feet in an opposite direction up the bank towards the open country. A number of my companions followed my example successfully, but at last the sentinel heard the noise, rushed forwards, gave the alarm, and, promptly levelling his piece, shot one of my friends on the spot. Other sentinels instantly poured to the place, in consequence of the report of the musket; but we spent no time in examining their motions. Our original intention had been to make the best of our way towards the sea-coast in a north-easterly direction, trusting to fortune to place a fishing boat at our disposal, by which we might have gained the coast of Holland, at that period under French domination. But now, when at large, and hotly pursued, at least sought after, we dashed onward in the path that readiest presented itself, and which happened to be in the direction of the interior instead of that of the coast. Without pausing, we pursued our way through ploughed fields, mossy flats used as peat bogs, and scattered plantations, now and then floundering in pools, and crossing mountain rivulets. At length, when nature was well nigh exhausted, morning began to dawn, and we hastened to seek a secret concealment in the recesses of a wood.

During the day which followed, and for several succeeding days, we lay concealed as long as it was light, and ventured out during the night to remove, as we thought, always a little farther from our prison, and to gather turnips and other field vegetables for our food. We lived, as you may well suppose, more like beasts than human beings, and soon fell into a wretched condition. My limb ulcerated, and, with lying on the wet ground, assumed a frightful appearance. At last, when on the brink of starvation with cold and hunger, we resolved to make an application for a little food. The first person to whom we applied was the farmer on whose grounds we happened to be. He expressed his willingness to assist us, but his promises were false. He gave information regarding the place of our retreat, and, when we least expected such a hapless result, we were surrounded by a party of soldiers. We were easily captured, and such had been our sufferings, that we scarcely regretted it. We were led into Peebles, and, as you remarked, sir, a wretched band we were. From this we were taken back to Pennycuick in carts, in order to procure which conveyance I was forced to show the state of my limb." "I saw it," said I, "and shudder at the remembrance of the sight." The landlord made no remark, but continued; "our jail received us again on that same night. But why should I linger on these things? I will proceed to tell you how I did at last procure my freedom. Through the surgeon who

dressed my limb, I made an application to government, representing myself as a German who entered the French army on compulsion. I was examined by persons competent to judge of my skill in that language, and the result was, that I was ordered to be set free, on condition of serving two years in the British service in India.

Though I rejoiced in the successful issue of my deception, this condition was a most distressing one. However, as I was not bound by it to serve against my country, I accepted it at once. I was hurried off without the means of communicating with France, and thus was once more sent to the wars without any news of my friends or Madelaine. But a joyful conclusion awaited all my troubles. After two years' service, during which, by steady conduct, I acquired a little sum of money, I came home in a British vessel, and was put on shore in France.

I will not attempt to picture to you my emotions on approaching Dieppe. Madelaine might be faithless—alas, she might be dead. Praised be heaven, she was alive, and true! I found her tending the sick-bed of her old uncle, who, after his heart had been melted by her constancy and refusal to marry, had made many inquiries after me in vain. He lived long enough to see us united, and died blessing us, leaving his property to us and our children. My father, too, I found tending slowly towards the tomb, but I had the pleasure of receiving his last breath. After all my sufferings, sir, I have found a haven of peace at last, and to very few does such happiness fall, as I now enjoy with the wife of my love, and my affectionate children."

I staid a day longer than I intended in Dieppe, to enjoy the sight of the old French prisoner's happiness, and in compliance with the wishes of his comely wife. Mine host smoothed over the matter of the passport by his influence, and it was with regret and esteem that I bade farewell to the host and hostess of Dieppe.

IMITATIVE FREAKS OF NATURE.

In New Hampshire, United States, there is a range of fine hills, which receive the general designation of the White Mountain. One of them, about a thousand feet high, situated near the road from Franconia to Plymouth, is called the Profile Mountain, in consequence of a remarkable appearance which it bears when viewed in a particular direction. On one side, the mountain rises by a gentle wooded ascent; on the other, it presents a precipice, descending at an angle of about eighty degrees, or nearly perpendicular. The upper half of this precipice, composed of brown granite, forms the outline of a human countenance, consisting of a low hanging brow, a deep-set eye, a low nose, and a prominent mouth, thus bearing a resemblance to the Ethiopian variety of the species. The chin is well defined, and seems to rest on a large bank of debris, forming the lower half of the mountain. The part composing the profile has the appearance of long exposure to the weather, and it is inconceivable that it has at any time been affected by the hand of art.

A similar phenomenon exists within the bounds of the city of Edinburgh. On the summit of the Calton Hill, immediately beneath a naval monument to Nelson, is a rocky precipice of probably a hundred feet in height, extending between the base of the building and a walk below. The face of this precipice, as it may literally be called, when viewed from a point to the south of Holyrood Palace, about half a mile distant, presents a profile of considerable elegance and in every way well proportioned. What is stranger still, this profile bears no fanciful resemblance to that of the hero of Trafalgar.

Landscape marble is a well-known kind, which, on being cut into thin slices, and polished, gives the appearance of a picture, containing fields, rivers, hedge-rows, trees, and, in some instances, a back-ground of distant eminences. In some precious stones, miniatures of natural objects, such as trees, shrubs, mosses, and even animals, are frequently found. According to D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, such curiosities were well known to the ancients. "Pliny mentions an agate in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert, seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hand a small bell, as St Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St Sophia, at Constantinople, there was, formerly, on a white marble, the image of St John the Baptist, covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given him but one leg. At Ravenna, in the church of St Vital, a cordelier is seen on dusky stone. They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have formed them. At Sennberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found, in a mine, a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen, on divers rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep. There is preserved in the British Museum a black stone, on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer." Nor are these curiosities found only in

the mineral kingdom. In the mountainous parts of the east of England, there is a species of orchis, upon the flower of which there is the appearance of a bee feeding, so exact, that it is impossible, at a little distance, to detect the imposture of nature. There is another shrub, which bears a yellow flower exactly like a piece of honeycomb, and, strange to say, bearing the very smell of honey, and a favourite food of the bees.

KAY'S PORTRAITS.

EDINBURGH had the good fortune, as antiquaries will now consider it, of possessing a caricaturist, or rather limner, who, during the forty years subsequent to 1784, took off every remarkable person who resided in it, whether their notability arose from dignity or humility of station, from talent or from imbecility, from virtue, or from folly, or from vice. This artist was John Kay, originally a barber, but whose natural genius led him, at a ripe age, to desert the dressing for the engraving of human heads, and whose shop in the Parliament Square, with a portrait of Johnnie Dowie, or some such worthy, stuck up in it, must be a feature in the recollection of the Scottish capital, not only to all middle-aged persons residing in it, but to many now spread in search of fortune over the four quarters of the globe. Kay's style was hard, and somewhat ungainly; but the likeness which he gave is in general so exact and characteristic, that his productions form an exceedingly curious memorial of by-gone times—such perhaps as no city in the empire can show any thing like a parallel to. The honest limner died in 1826, leaving some three or four hundred copper-plates, which are now in the course of being republished in a series of monthly parts, with letter-press memoirs of the parties represented. We recommend the work, as not only a chronicle of past faces, but also of dresses and manners now extinct, and as containing much curious anecdote—of which we may present a few specimens:—

JAMIE DUFF was long conspicuous upon the streets of Edinburgh as a person of weak intellects, and of many grotesque peculiarities. He was the child of a poor widow who dwelt in the Cowgate, and was chiefly indebted for subsistence to the charity of those who were amused by his odd but harmless manners. This poor creature had a passion for attending funerals, and no solemnity of that kind could take place in the city without being graced by his presence. He usually took his place in front of the *sauies* or ushers, or, if they were wanting, at the head of the ordinary company; thus forming a kind of practical burlesque upon the whole ceremony, the toleration of which it is now difficult to account for. To Jamie himself, it must be allowed, it was as serious a matter as to any of the parties more immediately concerned. He was most scrupulous both as to costume and countenance, never appearing without cravat, and weepers, and a look of downcast woe in the highest degree edifying. It is true the weepers were but of paper, and the cravat, as well as the general attire, in no very fair condition. He had all the merit, nevertheless, of good intention, which he displayed more particularly on the occurrence of funerals of unusual dignity, by going previously to a most respectable hatter, and getting his hat newly tinctured with the dye of sorrow, and the cravat arranged so as to hang a little lower down his back.

LORD GARDENSTONE—in his mature years—distinguished himself by a benevolent scheme of a somewhat unusual kind. Having, in 1762, purchased the estate of Johnstone, in Kincardineshire, he devoted himself for some years to the task of improving the condition of those who resided upon it. The village of Laurencekirk, then consisting of only a few houses, was taken under his especial patronage. He planned a new line of street, offered leases of small farms and of ground for building on extremely advantageous terms, built a commodious inn for the reception of travellers, founded a library for the use of the villagers, and established manufactures of various kinds. By some of his operations he lost largely, but this did not in the least abate his philanthropy, or for a moment interrupt the career of his benevolence. The manufacture of a very elegant kind of snuff-box, the hinges of which are styled "invisibles," such as those made in Cumnock, Ayrshire, is still carried on in the village to a considerable extent.

His lordship's labours in this good work were crowned with the success they merited. His village grew rapidly, and before his death had attained a degree of importance and prosperity that exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Of the delight which Lord Gardenstone took in this benevolent project, a singularly pleasing expression occurs in a letter which he addressed to the inhabitants of Laurencekirk. "I have tried," he says, "in some measure a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue; but never relished any thing so much as the pleasure arising from the progress of my village."

In his lordship's anxiety to do every thing in his power to invest his favourite village of Laurencekirk with attractions for strangers, he erected a handsome little building adjoining the inn as a museum, and filled it with fossils, rare shells, minerals, and other curiosities. Considering the facility of access, it is not surprising that these should from time to time disappear;

not unfrequently the unsuspecting proprietor was imposed upon, by having his curiosities stolen and sold over again to himself! In this building there was also kept an album or commonplace book, in which visitors were invited to record whatever they thought fit, and, as might be expected, many of the entries were not of the choicest description. The apartment was likewise adorned by portraits of a number of the favourite original inhabitants of the village. The inn itself was kept by a favourite servant of his lordship's, who rejoiced in the refreshing patronymic of Cream, a kind-hearted and worthy man.

Among the eccentricities of Lord Gardenstone, was an attachment to the generation of pigs. He had reared one of these animals with so much affectionate care, that it followed him wherever he went like a dog. While it was little, he allowed it even to share his bed during the night. As it grew up, however, which no doubt it would do rapidly under such patronage, this was found inconvenient; and it was discarded from the bed, but permitted still to sleep in the apartment, where his lordship accommodated it with a couch composed of his own clothes, which he said kept it in a state of comfortable warmth.

His lordship consumed immense quantities of snuff; requiring such a copious supply that he carried it in a leather waistcoat-pocket made for the purpose, and used to say, that if he had dozen noses he would give them all snuff. His use of this article was so liberal, that every fold in his waistcoat was filled with it; and it is said that from these repositories the villagers, when conversing with him, frequently helped themselves, without his knowledge, to a pinch.

MADEIRA.

THE island of Madeira is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, at the distance of about 600 miles west from the coast of Barbary, in the 33d degree of north latitude, and in the route which vessels usually pursue in sailing along the African coast to India, and other southern regions. It is oval in form, and extends about thirty miles in length. In breadth it varies considerably, never stretching, however, to a greater width than fifteen or sixteen miles. The whole island, properly speaking, is composed of one continued hill, of which Pico Rico, about five thousand feet high, is the central point, the rest of the slopes of which the island consists being branches jutting out from it. The climate is exceedingly fine, combining the delightful warmth of a sunny latitude with the freshness and coolness derived from its exposure to the sea-breezes. The appearance of the island is extremely beautiful and varied. In some parts, immense rocks and lofty precipices overhang deep and perpendicular chasms, the sides of which are in one place bare and herbless, in another clothed with an infinite variety of alpine plants; verdant and lengthened valleys are to be seen, traversed by rivulets, leaping here and there over the rocks in picturesque cascades, and at other times rolling along in placid beauty. On the declivities of the mountainous range, and particularly on those facing the south, are spread vineyards, while the higher parts of the slopes are covered with pomegranate, orange, citron, lemon, myrtle, and wild-rose trees. Chestnut trees in abundance occupy the very summits of the heights.

Such is the variegated appearance of the scenery of Madeira. The most of the productions of the island were introduced into it by the early Portuguese adventurers, who, though not, properly speaking, the discoverers of it, were at all events the first persons who made it known to Europeans, and colonised it. In the possession of their countrymen it has ever since remained. The city of Funchal, founded by them, is almost the only town in the island. It is situated in a valley on the southern coast, and has an excellent harbour, with four strong forts as defences. The streets are narrow and steep, and have many of them small currents of water running through them, so that they are, without much trouble to the inhabitants, generally in a clean and comfortable state. The houses are irregular in size and appearance, but throughout they are neat, and the larger ones may be termed elegant. The principal public buildings are the governor's castle, the bishop's palace, the custom-house, and the churches. The cathedral is a superb Gothic edifice, consisting of ten chapels, four at each side, and two at the upper part. The whole of these chapels are roofed with cedar, of exquisite workmanship; and one of them, the largest, is particularly worthy of notice. The walls of the structure are lined with marble, and hung with tapestry and paintings of great value. The monastery of St Francis Xavier is a fine and spacious building, and its inmates are noted for their kindness and attention to strangers.

The city of Funchal contains a population of thirty thousand souls. The slope on which it is built extends far away into the distance, and terminates in lofty mountains. On this slope are scattered numberless villas, of a dazzling white colour, surrounded by vineyards and gardens. These country-houses are for the most part the residences of the vine-growers, on whom the commerce of the island chiefly now depends. Madeira wine is known over the whole civilised world. The manner in which it is made from the

grapes by the greater part of the vine-growers, is exceedingly simple; much more so than the same manufacture in other wine countries. The grapes are put into a square wooden vessel, the dimensions of which are proportioned to the size of the vineyard to which it belongs; the servants then, having taken off their stockings and jackets, get into it, and with their feet and elbows press out as much of the juice as they can. The stalks are afterwards gathered into a heap, and being tied together with a rope, are put under a square piece of wood, which is pressed down upon them by a lever with a stone tied to the end of it. The juice thus collected is permitted to undergo the fermenting process, and the wine is made. The finest wines are produced on the south side of the island, those from the northern districts being poorer and thinner. The total amount of wines annually exported from Madeira, is upon an average upwards of forty thousand pipes, one-half of which goes to the British settlements in the East and West Indies. Such is the great difference in quality of the several wines, that the price, at the *vineyard*, varies from five to fifty pounds sterling. There are five names under which the greater part of the wines are sold; the first quality is called London particular; the second, London market; the third, Indian market; the fourth, New York market; and the fifth, cargo wine. Besides these wines, there are others less plentiful, known by the names of Sercial, sweet Malmsey, dry Malmsey, and Tinto, or red wine.

Of late years a preference has been given to sherry wine in Britain over Madeira. Ostensibly, this downfall in reputation, which is said to have arisen from the conception that it contains too much acid, affected the consumption of the Madeira wines, but those who look more deeply into the subject, assert that, in reality, as much of these wines is used as ever; only, to accommodate prejudices, the traders contrive to pass them off under other appellations; for though the wine of no other country can be presented successfully as a substitute for Madeira wine, it is understood that, by judicious mixing and flavouring, the produce of that island may be made to imitate the wines of any other country in the world.

The attention of the inhabitants is so much directed to their vineyards, that they neglect the crops which are more immediately necessary to life. The quantity of corn raised, for example, is scarcely equal to two months' consumption. They are obliged to procure from America, corn, flour, and rice, in exchange for their wines; salt fish they obtain from Newfoundland in great quantities, and sheep and oxen from the states of Barbary. There can be little doubt that this dependence on foreign countries could be avoided, for the soil of almost every foot of the island appears to be capable of raising fine crops. Potatoes, yams, eddoes, cucumbers, melons, water-melons, and pompons, are produced in great abundance; as are also pears, apples, nectarines, apricots, peaches, plums, and cherries. Most of these fruits are large and fine; the peaches, in many seasons, are very plentiful that the inhabitants commonly feed their pigs with them. None of these fruits are exported habitually by the islanders, but there are others which are sent to colder countries in great abundance. Walnuts, lemons, oranges, chestnuts, pomegranates, and figs, are the principal. In the waste grounds of the island, and in cool situations, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and bilberries, grow in great quantities without cultivation, and many of the fruits already mentioned require also little or no culture.

The chestnut and walnut trees constitute a great part of the forest wood. The pine, too, is generally encouraged on the higher grounds, and grows to a size sufficiently large for domestic purposes. A tree of the laurel tribe is found in the cooler places of the island, and is termed the vinhatigo. It sometimes measures from twenty to thirty feet in circumference, and its wood is of a beautiful colour, resembling mahogany. The palm grows to a great height; it flowers, but the fruit never arrives at perfection, nor will the seeds vegetate; which would lead us to infer that the Madeira palm is female, and that there is no male plant on the island. The poplar is very common in this country, and preserves its verdure for a longer period than European trees of the same description. A few cinnamon trees and coffee plants are cultivated in the private gardens with such success, as to show that they only require a general introduction to be rendered an article of commerce to the island. As might be expected, from the number of flowering trees which Madeira produces, its real flowers are numerous, beautiful, and varied. Plants, nursed carefully in our British greenhouses, are to be found growing wild in the fields; and the very hedges are composed of geraniums, myrtles, jasmines, honeysuckles, and roses, continually in bloom.

From this brief description of the principal natural productions of the island, the reader will see that it would not be going too far to assert that Madeira might be made, in truth, the garden of the world, as the fineness of the climate, and the astonishing fertility of the soil, make it almost a paradise, as far as the luxuries of life, at least, are concerned; for not only the choicest products of the East and West Indies, but European fruits, and even those from the more northern regions, grow in the island in the greatest perfection.

The principal animals in Madeira are rabbits, ferrets, woodcocks, snipes, red-legged partridges, and

quisil. The coast supplies plenty of fish of excellent quality, though the inhabitants are as occupied with their vine produce, as to necessitate them to buy the fish of other shores. They have ducks, turkeys, and domestic fowls of excellent kinds, but the sheep and oxen of the island are both few in number and of an inferior order.

Madeira contains a population of one hundred thousand souls. At the period of its discovery, it was uninhabited, and those now called natives are merely the descendants of the old settlers. They are a mixed race, though the majority of them unquestionably are of Portuguese lineage. They are sincere Catholics; yet they are not, as some travellers assert, burdened with swarms of priests, since the whole clergy, including monks and nuns, does not exceed three hundred. The commercial habits of the inhabitants of Funchal, and the number of English and other residents there, have made the manners of the citizens little different from the European; and it is only on occasions of spectacles and festivals, when the whole population almost of the island pours into the capital, that the true natives of Madeira are seen by those visiting the port. At such times there may be seen the peasantry, a tall well-built race of men, with complexions almost approaching to copper, dressed in clean white linen trousers, made very wide, over which are drawn boots of buff leather, but very often they are satisfied with a boot on one leg and a shoe on the other; a coarse white shirt, open at the neck, displaying their sunburnt breasts; a blue cap, just covering the top of a black bushy head, and a short blue jacket, generally ornamented with silver buttons, constitute the remainder of their dress, except in winter, when they wear long cloaks in addition, which, if it do not rain, are carelessly thrown over their shoulders.

The dress of the female peasants is not inelegant. It consists of blue petticoats bound with red; a short jacket, generally of red or light-blue, and closely fitted to the shape; a short red cloak, bound with blue ribbon, and a blue pointed cap, with gold or silver ornaments in the ears and hair. Some of the young women may justly be called handsome; but they are, generally speaking, of hard, yet not disagreeable features. They have high cheekbones, dark complexions, and rather large feet; their bodies are, however, well proportioned, and their eyes are lively, large, and black. The women of Madeira are condemned to severe labour; whilst their husbands are engaged in the vineyards, it is the duty of the wives to procure fuel, and often to carry loads of it to the city to dispose of for their subsistence, besides other household toils. The want of flesh, abundant as nature's bounties are here, is severely felt by the peasantry, the diet of the most hard-working labourers being bread, roots, and fruits. Their common drink is called aqua pe, a kind of small beer extracted from the husks and stalks of the grapes after they have passed through the wine-press, which, when fermented, acquires some degree of tartness, but will not keep. Such is the excessive and grinding taxation imposed upon them by their despotic mother-country, that a glass of the good wine prepared by his own hands seldom passes the peasant's lips. Yet they are kind in disposition, and in the highest degree hospitable.

There are no wheeled carriages of any description upon the island; indeed, the roads are in general so steep and narrow, that it is a question whether it would be possible to make use of them, even were they introduced. Sledges drawn by oxen are the means by which they convey burdens from one warehouse to another, or to the beach. The wine is brought from the interior in goatskins upon men's shoulders, and the contents being put into hogsheads, these are conveyed to the sea-side by the oxen, which are fine docile animals, and which receive great attention from the drivers. There is no other port or town on the island, besides Funchal, of any consequence; Machico, so called, it is said, from Markham, the first who set foot on the island (as was mentioned in our 229th number), is a mere village.

The unhappy frequency of pulmonary diseases in Britain has been the cause of much attention being paid to the climate of Madeira, and the result of the experiments and inquiries on the subject is, that the atmosphere of the island is unrivalled for equability of temperature and salubrity. The winter is twelve degrees warmer than the winter of Italy, and the summer five degrees cooler than the Italian summer. The London winter is twenty degrees colder than that of Madeira, while the summer-heat of the latter only exceeds that of London by seven degrees. This shows that, in Madeira, no violent changes affect the climate the whole year round; it is equally fitted for an agreeable residence at Christmas as at midsummer. The keen winds which prevail so generally in the warmer regions of the European continent are almost wholly unknown here, and even the rains, to which every country within or adjoining the tropics is periodically liable to, occur only to a slight extent, and that during the autumnal season, in Madeira. An able writer on this subject sums up his remarks in the following words, with which every one acquainted with Madeira will concur. "So that, altogether, there does not seem to be on the face of the globe a place more likely to preserve the life of those threatened with consumption than this island. Still it is to be remembered, that such is the state of the lungs in confirmed consumption, that much relief, or much prolongation of

life, are not to be expected in any climate whatever; and that the cases benefited even by the salubrious air of Madeira are incipient cases. Of these a very large majority undergo such improvement as to maintain a very high character for the island as a place of refuge for invalids."

SUBORDINATE OBJECTS OF CREATION.

"It is surprising to find that men evince so much unconcernedness, and so little knowledge, in regard to the subordinate objects of creation. We walk into the fields of a summer evening, we notice perhaps here and there groups of sheep and cattle, the song of birds in the hedges, the fragrance of the heath, the grateful green of the grass, and the serene azure of the skies, and we return home charmed by the sensations which even these few sources of pleasure awaken in the mind. But how infinitely more numerous and more exquisite would not those sensations have been, had we gone forth with intelligence alive to the world of organised being, which invites our attention at every step we take! We pass by with contempt, nay, with disgust, the worm which we chance to see in a furrow. But with what very different sentiments should we not have contemplated this humble creature, had we known that he has in fact duties to fulfil of the first importance, and that he performs them with incomparable industry? It is his province to consume, on the surface of the ground, the softer parts of decayed vegetable matter; the more fibrous parts he conveys into the bosom of the earth, where they also decay in the course of time. Whatever he consumes or carries away, returns therefore sooner or later to the soil, in a form better adapted for the sustenance of vegetable life, and in this way he is constantly engaged in lending assistance to the plough, or in supplying its place wherever human industry happens to be yet unknown.

But the utility of the most despised of living beings does not stop here. He loosens the soil at the roots of trees and plants, and facilitates their irrigation from the clouds. He assists very materially in draining the surface of the land of superfluous moisture, by excavating subterranean channels through which it escapes; and he moreover furnishes, in his own proper substance, a ready prepared banquet for almost every thing that moves in or on the earth, in the atmosphere, or the water. The mole hunts him through the pastures, and penetrates the earth in pursuit of him when he retires thither for protection. The birds feed upon him all the year round. He is not an unwelcome present to the beetle race, and, as the angler well knows, he is looked upon by fishes in general as the most irresistible of dainties. Although they are thus exposed to universal depredation, the earth still teems with a constant succession of these creatures. Reaumur calculates that they exceed in numbers the grains of all kinds of corn collected by mankind. We may thus appreciate the extent and activity of their agency, in assisting to convert death into life. They are to us so many pledges for the unerring execution of the promise, that while the earth remains, the winter shall always be followed by the spring. We learn from them, moreover, that nothing absolutely perishes; the yellow leaf no sooner falls, than it is appropriated by these sedulous husbandmen to the purposes of future vegetation—so admirable is the economy of that portion of the universe to which we belong!

It is the prevailing error of our education that we are at first made acquainted with insects only to abhor or to torture them, and that as we grow up to maturity, we are permitted to remain as ignorant of the various orders of beings that fill up the links of existence beneath our own rank, as if they appeared to another planet. The truant well knows where he shall find at the bottom of some brook a shapeless little combination of wood and straw, which he sees moored to a pebble, or cautiously moving along with the current. He opens the mass, and finds within it, nicely housed, a small white worm, which he immediately destroys by fixing it on his hook, and there all his knowledge of the insect terminates. He would scarcely be induced to treat it in this manner had he learned that this apparently insignificant creature exhibits as much sagacity and practical knowledge in his way as the fox or the elephant. Although just emancipated from the egg, he at once spins and weaves for himself a silken vestment, with which he surrounds every part of his frame, except his head and the forepart of his body, which is furnished with six legs. This coat is not, however, sufficient to protect him from his numerous enemies. He therefore attaches to it externally the small shells of other animals, minute fragments of gravel, particles of sand, or any other substance which he finds most convenient for his purpose. If he made his citadel too heavy, he would be soon fatigued by dragging it along; therefore, having in the first place rendered it as compact as possible for his protection, he adds to it a chip of wood or a bit of straw, in order to poised the burthen in the water, and this he does with as much precision as if he had been instructed in hydrostatics. If he be born in a marsh where reeds abound, he cuts off a piece of the stalk with a knot in it, and makes it his habitation; or if there be no reeds in his vicinity, he finds probably some loose leaves, in which he wraps his precious person, thinking that, from the nature of the material, he may escape the observation of curious fish and prying schoolboys. It is his destiny to lead a very different life from that in which he first be-

comes acquainted with existence, and this he knows as well as we do. Before he quits the water, he falls into a sort of sleep, during which his transformation takes place. For this purpose he retires completely into his castle. To guard himself from his foes, the obvious course would be to shut it up altogether. If he did this, however, he would no longer have air or water, which are essential to his existence; he therefore constructs of strong silk threads of his own manufacture, a grating, which, with more than the skill of a chemist, he makes insoluble in water, and thus behind his portcullis he has free access to the elements, and at the same time defies all intruders. When the proper season arrives, he puts on his wings, and sports over the surface of his native streams in the form of the May-fly!

The pride of man will not permit him to attribute the operations of this tiny insect to any other cause than mere instinct. The doctrine that has been hitherto advanced in support of this principle, is, to say the least of it, fanciful and inconclusive. When Buffon and other naturalists speak of instinct, they describe it as a kind of mechanical impulse, which teaches an animal to provide for its wants, and to defend itself from its enemies. We are unable to understand what a spontaneous mechanical impulse is. If an animal hide himself from pursuers, it must be from a sense of fear; if he turn boldly, and dare the encounter, he must be actuated by the hope of conquering them. Thus, he may entertain both fear and hope; and these are sentiments which presuppose mind. It is the same with the caddis-worm, which we have just mentioned. If its habitation be too heavy, it buoys up the mansion by the addition of some lighter material; if the abode be in danger of floating about at the mercy of the current, the peril of shipwreck is foreseen, and prevented by increasing the ballast. Here are foresight, calculation, mechanical adjustment, all contained in a creature not larger than a pin! If these attributes be called instinct, we shall not quarrel with the phrase; but we submit that there is a marvellous resemblance between such instinct and that general faculty to which men have agreed to give the name of reason.

This infinite diffusion of mental energy throughout all organised existence, is, however, scarcely more wonderful to us than the gift of life itself to the countless races which, either in the air, on the earth, in its interior, or in the waters, appear to be constantly occupied in the furtherance of some great purpose, not immediately obvious to our limited observation. A leaf has accidentally fallen from a plant on the table at which we write, and we perceive upon it a little reptile, who is consuming it with amazing rapidity. Diminutive as he is, his organisation is as perfect for the destruction of that leaf, and for the assimilation of it to the substance of his own body, as it is possible to be. The vital fluid circulates through his system with as much regularity as it does through the arteries and veins of man; and if we could become acquainted with its sensations, we should, probably, even discover that it has its moments of happiness and pain, affections, tastes, and antipathies, like other animated beings. If we look at the leaves which remain on the plant, we shall perceive, even upon a cursory examination, that they sustain entire colonies of the same, or of different races of insects, in their various stages, from the egg to the fly. If we attempt to count them, we might as well endeavour to number the sands on the sea-shore.

Let us pass from the library into the garden. At the first step we observe a snail, with a gaily painted house on his back, and immediately near him there are twenty others, some adhering to the wall, some making sad work with the young peaches, while others, not so aspiring, are contented with the cabbage plants. A little farther on, we tread amongst a hundred ants, who are emerging from their subterranean city, through a variety of tunnels, and running about, then down again, and then back, with marvellous activity. Now, the approach of a beetle puts them all in confusion; away they scamper. Next, a bee comes murmuring by, but they do not mind the bee, who directs his course to the hollyhock, and burying himself in one of its half-opened chalices, comes out as dusty as a miller. But he will not long remain so. He removes the fragrant burthen carefully from his head and wings, and consumes a portion, which he will secrete shortly in the form of wax, for the purpose of constructing and repairing the cells of his hive; the remainder he puts in his pocket for a future meal. On the ample leaves of this splendid plant, we count in a moment twelve different species of flies; and if we look at the under part of its leaves, we find them, ample as they are, so crowded with eggs, that it would be impossible to press the head of a pin on any portion of the leaf, without destroying one of those depositories of an incipient insect.

A step or two farther brings us to an apple-tree, many of whose leaves are rolled up. We open one of these mansions, and discover within it fifty caterpillars living together in perfect harmony. Fluttering their way from shrub to shrub are as many butterflies, clothed in garments of the most brilliant dyes, no two of them perfectly alike; and all of them apparently as happy as butterfly can be. In the air, above these, is a group of gnats, dancing to the sound of their own wings. It is remarkable that they observe a regular succession in their movements; when one is tired, he rests for awhile, and his place is filled up by another.

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They, moreover, have their places in a kind of quadrille, and following the good customs of the country-dances of former days, the partners frequently meet half-way, and salute each other in a very affectionate manner; then they separate to renew the dance with fresh merriment.

We walk into the fields. The earth beneath our feet swarms with creatures which we do not see; every blade of grass is in itself a populous kingdom. The bleating of sheep, the lowing of cows, the murmurs made by millions of gossamer wings in the higher regions of the air, the distant bark of the dog, the joyous note of the blackbird, the exulting song of the black-cap, the whistle of the thrush, the chatter of the sparrow, the cherub voice of the lark aloft in the summer cloud, fill the atmosphere with a chorus of sounds, which call upon us to praise that benevolent Spirit, who has thus commanded life to glow, and breathe happiness everywhere around us.

New universes break upon our view the moment we embark on the river, the lake, and the ocean. If we take up a drop of water on the head of a pin, and magnify it by means of the solar microscope, we shall behold it teeming with different races of beings, the stronger of which feed upon the weaker; and still finding, even in that tiny world, more than they can consume, range about in it with as much facility and freedom as if it were an Atlantic. Upwards of four hundred different species of animalcules have been already distinguished; and it seems to be pretty well established, that the greater number of these possess an internal structure, quite as perfect as that of the larger animals; and 'comprising,' as Mr Pritchard informs us, 'a muscular, nervous, and, in all probability, vascular system, all wonderfully contrived for the performance of their respective offices.' The diversity of form which prevails amongst the multitudes that inhabit a single globule of water, is astonishing. One resembles the sun, another the crescent of the moon a few days old, a third the serpent, a fourth the swallow, a fifth a bunch of grapes; among them will be found miniature figures like a tulip on its stem, a cornucopia, a flask, a lyre, a mandolin, and the splendid ornament of precious stones which is worn by the Jewish high priest, a ring, a comet, and countless other objects, such as cylinders, pitchers, and fruit of every description.

The Greenland Sea is indebted for its peculiar colour, which varies between olive-green and ultramarine, to the vast number of medusæ it contains. These animalcules are, individually, about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter; and so great are their multitudes, that, according to a curious calculation made by Mr Scoresby, if eighty thousand persons had begun, at the creation of our planet, to count the numbers of those little beings that exist only within two square miles of that sea, to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, they would scarcely have completed the enumeration at the present time! But the human mind fails to follow the calculation to the extent of the thirty thousand square miles of the sea in question, which may be said to exhibit one entire field of medusæ.

The plan for continuing the created races appears, also, to have proceeded from the same source of incomparable wisdom. The moving globe, which seems to occupy the place nearest to inanimate matter, is appointed to convert the watery element into its own substance; thus fed, it becomes itself the food of animalcules higher in the scale of organisation; and these, in their turn, assume a consistency which renders them fit to be the nutriment of the smaller fishes. The smaller fishes serve as food to the larger; the enormous whale, for instance, lives principally on shrimps, minute crabs, cuttle-fishes, and other small marine animals; and, as these are sustained by the medusæ, we may perceive the relation that exists between those animalcules and the whale. Ascending a step higher, we find that there is no fish in the waters, with which we are acquainted, which may not be converted by man to the purposes either of food, or light, or convenience, or ornament, in some shape or another. The whale enables him to prolong the day, in the acquisition of that knowledge which, rightly directed, purifies and exalts his intellect. The very instrument by which that animal collects its food assists to improve and strengthen the female figure, to protect us from the rain, and to perfect several parts of the machinery used in our manufactures. The lobster, the turbot, the salmon, the eel, the sturgeon, the mackerel, and the herring, afford luxuries for the tables of every class in society, and the staple of commerce to millions of mankind. If there were no medusæ, the whale would soon perish; and if the other tribes of animalcules ceased to be reproduced, the ocean would soon be without an inhabitant."—*Dublin Review*, No. 1.

NO PEACE TO THE WICKED.

THERE is not a sin—or vicious action—but what one way or another is punished in this life. We often err egregiously by not attending to the distinction between happiness, and the means of happiness. Power, riches, and prosperity—those means of happiness, and sources of enjoyment—in the course of Providence, are sometimes conferred upon the worst of men. Such persons possess the good things of life, but they do not enjoy them. They have the means of happiness, but they are not happiness itself. A wicked man can never be happy. It is the firm decree of Heaven, that misery must ever attend on guilt; that when sin enters, hap-

piness takes its departure. There is no such thing in nature, my brethren, there is no such in nature, as a vicious or unlawful pleasure. What we generally call such, are pleasures in themselves lawful, procured by wrong means, or enjoyed in a wrong way; procured by injustice, or enjoyed with intemperance; and surely neither injustice nor intemperance have any charm for the mind: and unless we are framed with a very uncommon temper of mind and body, injustice will be hurtful to the one, and intemperance fatal to the other. Unruly desires and bad passions, the gratification of which is sometimes called pleasure, are the source of almost all the miseries in human life. When once indulged, they rage for repeated gratification, and subject us, at all times, to their clamours and importunity. When they are gratified, if they give any joy, it is the joy of fiends, the joy of the tormented, a joy which is purchased at the expense of a good conscience, which rises on the ruins of the public peace, and proceeds from the miseries of our fellow-creatures. The forbidden fruit proves to be the apples of Sodom, and the grapes of Gomorrah. One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence and pain. A single indulgence of wrath has raised a conflagration, which neither the force of friendship, nor length of time, nor the vehemence of intercession, could mitigate or appease; and which could only be quenched by the effusion of human blood. One drop from the cup of this powerful sorceress has turned living streams of joy into waters of bitterness. "There is no peace to the wicked."

If a wicked man could be happy, who might have been so happy as Haman—raised from an inferior station to great riches and power; exalted above his rivals, and above the princes of the empire; favourite and prime minister to the greatest monarch in the world? But with all these advantages on his side, and under all these smiles of fortune, his happiness was destroyed by the want of a bow, usual to those of his station, from one of the porters of the palace. Enraged with this neglect, this vain great man cried out, in the pang of disappointment, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the king's gate." This seeming affront sat deep in his mind. He meditated revenge. A single victim could not satisfy his malice. He wanted to have a glutting vengeance. He resolved, for this purpose, to involve thousands in destruction, and to make a whole nation fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of his mean-spirited pride. His wickedness proves his ruin, and he erected the gallows on which he himself was doomed to be hanged!

If we consider man as an individual, we shall see a

further confirmation of the truth contained in the text, that "There is no peace to the wicked." In order to strengthen the obligations to virtue, the practice of sin hath been rendered fatal to our peace as individuals, as well as pernicious to our interests as members of society. From the soul that is polluted with guilt, peace, and joy, and hope, depart. What succeeds?—Confusion, shame, remorse, despair. "There is no peace to the wicked."—*Logan*.

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS.

A CERTAIN Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, determined to get a wife; and, as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, that it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those heroes to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied. He was near six feet high, and wore a long sword, and a fierce cocked hat; add to which, that he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his forefinger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life.

After a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms, and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching the lady to send him on an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her; or suffer him to steal the Empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake, to prove his love, she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:

"The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me that there is nothing you would not do to oblige me; I, therefore, do not find much difficulty in telling you that I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me!" cried our son of gunpowder, "tell me what it is! Though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? to catch the phoenix? or draw your chariot to church

with unicorns? What is the impossible act that I will not undertake?" "No, captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire you can do with the utmost ease—it will not cost you five minutes' trouble; and yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, from what I have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, Madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks life, from the light of your eyes, can ever denude the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say! what, empress of my parched frame, what must I perform?" "Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle. Only to cut off your whiskers, captain, that's all."

"Madam!"—[Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment.]—"My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers! Excuse me! Cut off my whiskers! Pardon me, madam! Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. But, for my whiskers! you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good captain? Surely, any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifles?" "A trifles, madam! My whiskers a trifles! No, madam, no; my whiskers are no trifles. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers!"

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off." "And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?" "Never!" "Why, then, madam, farewell. I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmues, and so good morning to you."

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the coxcombs by whom they are pestered.—*Old Magazine*.

THE DEATHBED.

I HAD never yet seen the agonies of a deathbed, though the sight of human suffering was become familiar, and had ceased to excite those painful sensations which it had first created. I had sedulously avoided remaining to be a witness of the last struggles of mortality. I went up stairs accompanied by the husband. On approaching the bedside, I was shocked to perceive that his wife was dying, and that all human aid was fruitless. She was a young, and must have been a strikingly handsome woman; but her fine features now bore the impress of the destroyer. Her cheeks were sunken, her nostrils and lips quivered during respiration, a cold clammy sweat stood upon her forehead, and her countenance was pinched, and wore that peculiar appearance, termed by us "*facies hippocratica*." I sat down; her pulse was feeble and intermittent. She was slightly delirious, but, when roused, answered faintly and rationally. I inquired how she was, and if she suffered pain. "No," she said, "no, none whatever; it is quite gone. I am better, and when I have slept, shall be well." This was said slowly and at intervals, and with imperfect articulation. Her sister, who was in the room, and in high spirits, as the pain had left her, little imagining it was a fatal symptom, told me that for several days she had been in great agony. I called the husband aside, and shortly, but distinctly, informed him, that a very brief period, and his wife would be no more. He was startled, but incredulous; "she was easier, she must be better;" the doctor had told him so. I shook my head, and desired him to go for her mother, who had just left the house, in the confident hope that her daughter was recovering. He obeyed me very reluctantly; and I again sat down at the bedside, waiting for his return, in order to summon the surgeon. The angel of death was, however, nearer than even I had imagined. A fitful and unmeaning smile played over her features; her hands wandered about as if in search of something; while the intervals between respiration became longer and longer; her chest heaved, and that peculiar gurgling sound in the throat, known as the "death rattle," apprised me that the moment of dissolution was at hand. Her sister, terrified at these portentous changes, looked at me for information. I could only say that in a few minutes all would be over. She fled shrieking out of the room, and I was left alone with the dying woman. I sat gazing upon her, with a feeling of awe and dread I had never before experienced. I almost expected to see the dark form of Azrael stoop over his victim, and the disembodied spirit wing its way from its earthly tabernacle. Beyond the picture of my disturbed imagination there was nothing frightful; no struggling as if immortality were freeing itself from its shackles of dust; no distortion of life or limb, as if the separation were a painful one: on the contrary, she lay perfectly still, and the same bland though unearthly smile lit over her face; and though her lips moved, the motion resembled those seen on the lips of childhood in its happy dreams. Not a sound broke the still silence of the apartment, save the rush of the fragrant breeze through the open window, the slight rustle of the bedclothes made by the movements of her

hands, and the low and occasional gurgling in her throat. My presence seemed, to my cowed and overawed mind, as something improper, so strongly was I impressed with the conviction that "a winged spirit was about to depart to its home." I gazed upon her with a species of fascination, without having power to withdraw my eyes a moment from her face, till at length, after a slight convulsive shudder, her eyelids were elevated, and a deeper respiration took place. I waited in vain for its return. Her lower jaw fell; her arms and body lost their life-like position—she was dead. Buried in contemplation, I remained motionless, till I was aroused by the hasty entrance of the husband, mother, and sister. Twenty minutes past, and they had fondly believed her convalescent; and they now found her a corpse. I withdrew to the window, whilst a burst of passionate sorrow overpowered the mourners; they knelt round the bed, the heavy sob of the man mingling with the wilder grief of the females. I looked at the group; what a contrast between the living and the dead! She lay before them as if in profound and happy sleep, her features perceptibly changing, and assuming their original beauty of expression, as the smile that then played over them was gradually waning, and as the muscles lost their irritability; whilst they were weeping and sorrowing in all the attitudes of a first affliction, wringing their hands, and addressing her with vehement words of endearment. After these occurrences, it was my lot to see death in various shapes; from the calm preparation, the hope and confidence of unshaking innocence, to the frantic terror and fierce impenitence of guilt and materialism. By beautiful and beneficent dispensation of Providence, it, however, but rarely happened that parties were at all conscious of the immediate approach of dissolution: and I am not aware that in any instance which came under my personal notice, any sign was exhibited that the moment of extinction was anticipated. If I might judge from what I have seen of death, its pangs are not painful, and, consequently, the sense of it is most in apprehension.—*From Experiences of a Surgeon.*

THE GREAT BLUE HERON OF AMERICA.—The state of Louisiana has always been my favourite portion of the Union, although Kentucky and some other states have divided my affections; but, as we are on the banks of the fair Ohio, let us pause a while, good reader, and watch the heron. In my estimation, few of our waders are more interesting than the birds of this family. Their contours and movements are always graceful, if not elegant. Look on the one that stands near the margin of the pure stream: see his reflection dipping as it were into the smooth water, the bottom of which it might reach had it not to contend with the numerous boughs of those magnificent trees. How calm—how silent—how grand is the scene! The tread of the tall bird himself no one hears, so carefully does he place his foot on the moist ground, cautiously suspending it for a while at each step of his progress. Now his golden eye glances over the surrounding objects, in surveying which he takes the advantage of the full stretch of his graceful neck. Satisfied that no danger is near, he lays his head on his shoulders, allows the feathers of his breast to droop, and patiently awaits the approach of his finned prey. You might imagine what you see to be the statue of a bird, so motionless is it. But now he moves; he has taken a silent step, and, with great care, he advances; slowly does he raise his head from his shoulders, and now, with a sudden start! his formidable bill has transfixed a perch, which he beats to death on the ground. See with what difficulty he gulps it down his capacious throat! and now his broad wings open, and away he slowly flies to another station, or, perhaps, to avoid his unwelcome observers. * * * The manners of this heron are exceedingly interesting at the approach of the breeding season, when the males begin to look for partners. About sunrise you see a number arrive and alight either on the margin of the broad sand-bar or on a savannah. They come from different quarters, one after another, for several hours; and when you see forty or fifty before you, it is difficult for you to imagine that half the number could have resided in the same district. Yet, in the Floridas, I have seen hundreds thus collected in the course of a morning. They are now in their full beauty, and no young birds seem to be among them. The males walk about with an air of great dignity, bidding defiance to their rivals, and the females croak to invite the males to pay their addresses to them. The females utter their coaxing notes all at once, and, as each male evinces an equal desire to please the object of his affection, he has to encounter the enmity of many an adversary, who, with little attention to politeness, opens his powerful bill, throws out his wings, and rushes with fury on his foe. Each attack is carefully guarded against, blows are exchanged for blows; one would think that a single well-aimed thrust might suffice to inflict death, but the strokes are parried with as much art as an expert swordsman would employ; and, although I have watched these birds for half an hour at a time as they fought on the ground, I never saw one killed on such an occasion; but I have often seen one felled and trampled upon, even after incubation had commenced. These combats over, the males and females leave the place in pairs. They are now mated for the season, at least I am inclined to think so, as I never saw them assemble on the same ground, and they become

comparatively peaceful after pairing.—*Audubon's Ornithology.*

TORRIGIANO.—This celebrated Spanish painter had undertaken to carve a Madona and child, of the natural size, at the order of a certain Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model of one which he had already executed, and promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of the work. His employer was one of the first grandees of Spain; and Torrigiano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his own talents could perform, was determined to outdo his former work. He had passed great part of his life in travelling from kingdom to kingdom, in search of employment, and flattering himself with the hope that he had now at last found a resting-place after all his labours, the ingenious artist, with much pains and application, completed the work, and presented to his employer a matchless piece of sculpture, the utmost effort of his art. The grandee surveyed the striking performance with great delight and veneration, applauded Torrigiano to the skies, and, impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand it; at the same time, to set off his generosity with a better display, he loaded two lacqueys with the money that was to defray the purchase. The bulk at least was promising, but when Torrigiano turned out the bags, he found the specie nothing better than a parcel of *brass maravedi*, amounting only to the paltry sum of thirty ducats. Vexation at this sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so transported him, that, snatching up his mallet in a rage, and not regarding the perfection, or, what was of more fatal consequence, the sacred character of the image he had made, he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lacqueys with their load of farthings to tell the tale. They executed their errand too well. The grandee, in his turn, fired with shame, vexation, and revenge, and assuming, or perhaps conceiving, horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the court of inquisition, and impeached the unhappy artist at that terrible tribunal. It was in vain that poor Torrigiano urged the right of an author over his own creation; reason pleaded on his side, but superstition sat in judgment; the decree was *death with torture*. The holy office lost its victim, for Torrigiano expired under the horrors, and not under the hands of the executioner.—*Cumberland's Anecdotes of Spanish Painters.*

THE KING'S ANTHEM AND RULE BRITANNIA.—The authorship of the King's Anthem is obscure, and has been the subject of some controversy. It has been represented as the composition of a Sir John Bull, who lived in the reign of James I.; and the name of that monarch is said to have been originally inserted in the place latterly occupied by that of George. There can be little doubt that it was an effusion of loyalty on the occasion of the rebellion of 1745. In the Gentleman's Magazine for October that year, wherein are chronicled the movements of the Highland army till a period a few weeks later than the battle of Prestonpans, this composition appears, under the title of "A song for two voices—as sung at both play-houses"—a description which could only have been applied to it in consideration of its being a new production. The music is there given, in its present form, with the three following verses:—

God save Great George our king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
Ged save the king!
O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
O save us all!

My choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with heart and voice,
God save the king!

In the phrase "Send him victorious," there was an appropriateness to the period in question, as the king was absent in Germany at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. What further confirms the fact, is that, in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, there is inserted among the poetry, "An attempt to improve the song God Save the King, p. 552, the former words having no merit but their loyalty." These new verses, the superior merit of which it is difficult to discover, commence with the following—

Fame, let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around,
Great George is king;
Tell Rome, France, and Spain,
Britannia scorns their chain;
All their vile arts are vain;
Great George is king.

"Rule Britannia" originally appeared in the Masque of Alfred, a joint composition of Thomson and Mallet, acted before Frederick Prince of Wales, at Cliveden House, in 1740. To which of the two poets the song is to be attributed, has never been ascertained; but it was probably that of Thomson, whose sentiments respecting liberty were very ardent.

LIVING AT GHENT.—Ghent in the Netherlands is, I should suppose, one of the cheapest and most plentiful places to live in on the Continent of Europe. One fact is better than many assertions. I shall give the history of a day in regard to the necessities of eating, drinking, and accommodation for the night; and I state the cost, that my readers may judge for themselves. In the morning, from eight to ten, was breakfast. It consisted of *café au lait* and bread and butter. The coffee was set on the table in a large brass jug, one of those vessels to be seen in every old Flemish picture, and the boiled milk in another of the same description. There might be about a gallon of the clarified fluid in the former; the other contained, perhaps, half that quantity. Three or four large cakes of a sweet brownish bread, each weighing about five or six pounds, were placed at irregular intervals down the long table, and about double the number of plates of exquisite Dutch butter intervened between them. The only rule observed at this meal was "cut and come again." It was the individual's own fault, had he the appetite of a famished wolf, if he did not satisfy it. The dinner, a much more imposing and important meal, succeeded at two o'clock. We sat down to table, a motley group, twenty-four in number, in a spacious and really handsome saloon. The dinner consisted of the following viands—hot soup and bread, which was tolerable. The fault of these people is that they only half make their soup, that they may eat the *bouillie* as a separate dish subsequently. Secondly, the *bouillie*, with a delicious small green, known, I believe, by the name of Brussels sprouts. The *bouillie* was eatable, inasmuch as the quality of the meat which composed it was excellent. Thirdly, slices of cold corned beef, of an exquisite flavour, with asparagus and butter sauce. Fourthly, large balls of forced meat; made principally, I believe, of veal, with a sweet sauce, the composition of which I know not. Excellent potatoes accompanied the course, which was altogether one that an epicure even might enjoy. Fifthly, roast veal, fillet and loin, with a fresh supply of Brussels sprouts, asparagus and potatoes, and a fresh sauce. Sixthly, game; this was really delicious. Seventhly, a large tart and sweet cake. Eighthly, pears and apples. Ninthly, bread and cheese. A pint of capital beer was the allowance with this dinner. We dined off a very handsome service of china, with the luxury of silver forks and spoons, and were well attended. The host headed the table, and helped every one abundantly. Supper at eight o'clock closed the day. It consisted of salad—an excellent salad it was; cold boiled beef sliced, with hot potatoes, veal ragout, and beef cutlets, with excellent gravy sauce, apples and pears, bread, butter, and cheese. A pint of beer was the allowance also at this meal. I never saw a greater abundance of these viands than was served up on these occasions; twice the quantity consumed was removed from table at each meal; yet all the guests were young men, and most of them pedestrian travellers, both of which circumstances tend very much to sharpen the appetite and strengthen the digestive powers. I had a small room about ten feet square, with a large folding window, and a very good bed to myself. It is true the chamber was not an elegant one, but it was perfectly comfortable. For all these I paid the sum of one franc and a half, somewhere about one shilling and twopence three farthings. I did not soon leave Ghent, and when I did I left it with regret. Fourteen days was the period of my stay in that pleasant city.—*A Saunter in Belgium.*

MODE OF MEASURING LANDED ESTATES IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS.—Adam Smith: What is the name of your estate, Mr Macrurah? Is it an extensive one?—Macrurah: The name is *Coilaanachgoilach*, which means the roaring of the wind upon the hill. It is supposed to contain from 1200 to 1900 acres; but we do not know, for that is not our way of measuring.—Smith: What, then, is your way of measuring? for I thought there had been only one.—Mac: Why, our method is grand and ingenious. It is thus: Every Highland gentleman maintains a large band of pipers. When he wishes to measure his estate, a piper is placed at the northern boundary, who plays as loud as he is able, and the rest having left him, march southward as far as they can hear the sound of the pipes. There they stop, and another piper is left, who plays as loud as the first. In the meantime, the rest march forward again, till the sound of the second pipe is barely heard, and at this station a third piper is left—and so on till there is a chain of pipers extending from the northern to the southern boundary of the estate. The same is done from east to west, and the dimensions are ascertained by the number of pipers employed.—Smith: Upon my word, Mr Macrurah, this method is a noble and ingenious one. It is quite feudal. But how do you manage with the pipers when they come home to dinner after their walk? Is not their maintenance expensive?—Mac: Not at all. We make them play during the whole time of dinner.

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